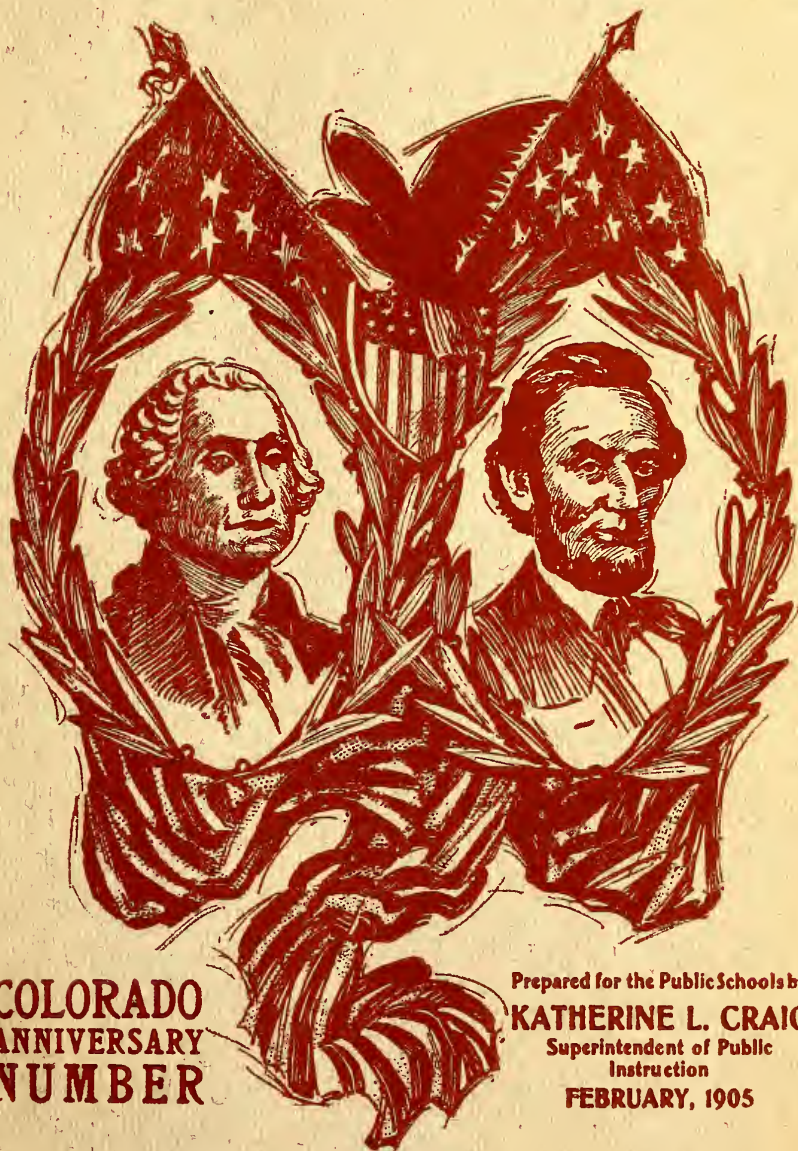

THE BIRTHDAYS OF WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN



**COLORADO
ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER**

Prepared for the Public Schools by
KATHERINE L. CRAIG
Superintendent of Public
Instruction
FEBRUARY, 1905



Denver, Colorado, February, 1905.

Teachers and Friends:—

Patriotism is the passion which inspires one to serve one's country. It is universal with every true American. It is the sentiment which produces the belief that our nation is the greatest, grandest and noblest on the earth.

The magnetism of its wondrous power is deeply imbedded in the human heart; it does not die, but grows and strengthens with increasing years as memory reverts to our country's achievements, the heroes of its history, and its present powerful position.

Until time shall be no more the immortal names of Washington and Lincoln will be commemorated, and from the veneration paid these illustrious men the test of progress which our country has made in wisdom and virtue will be derived.

February is a splendid month for the teaching of patriotic lessons in our schools—the teaching of such lessons that are so impressive that they can never be wholly eradicated from the hearts and minds of the youth of our land.

I offer you this book in the hope that it may be of some assistance to you in the arrangement of a patriotic program for the observance of this national holiday.

Respectfully yours,

KATHERINE L. CRAIG,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

7th and 8th Grades

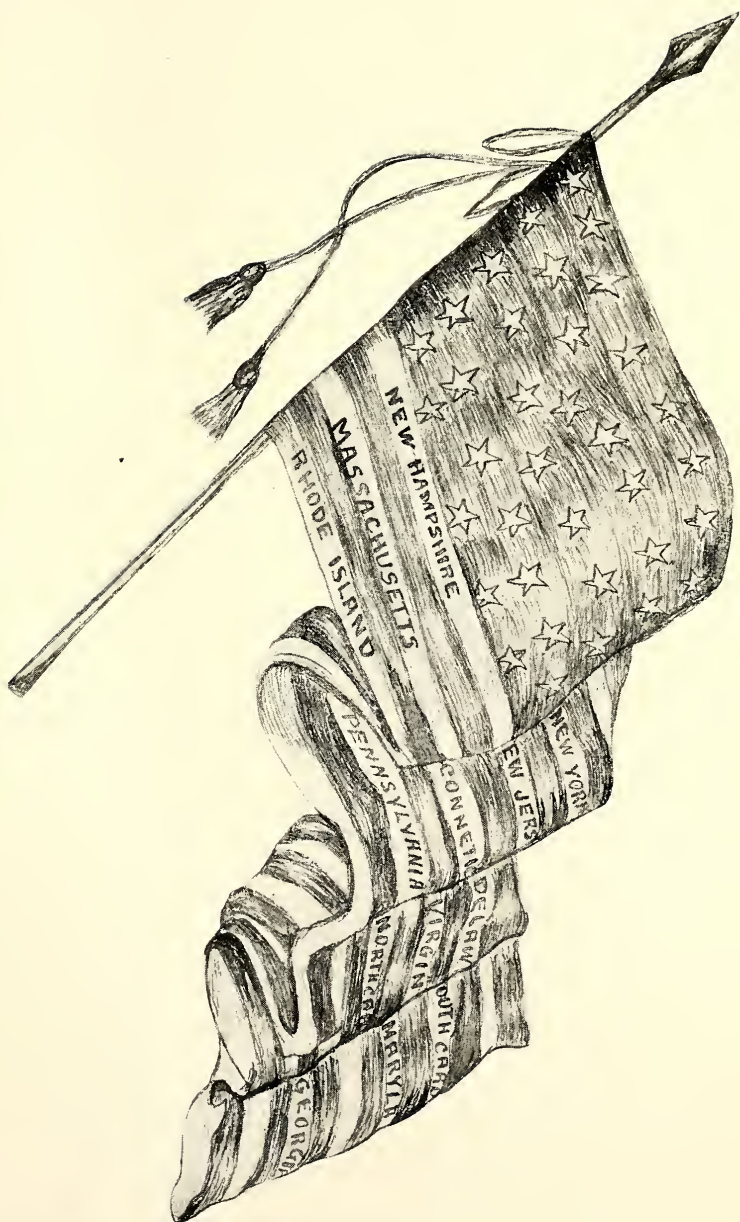
WASHINGTON'S AND LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAYS.



Both Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays have been made legal holidays. Never since the creation of man were two human beings so unlike, so nearly the extremes of opposition to each other as Washington and Lincoln. The one an aristocrat by birth, by breeding and association; the other in every sense and by every surrounding a democrat. As the richest man in America, a large slaveholder, the possessor of an enormous landed estate and the leader and representative of the property, the culture and the colleges of the Colonial period, Washington stood for the conservation and preservation of law and order. Lincoln, on the other hand, was born in a cabin among that class known as poor whites in slave holding times, who held and could hold no position and whose condition was so hopeless as to paralyze ambition and effort. His condition, so far as surroundings were concerned, had considerable mental but little moral improvement by the removal to Indiana and subsequently to Illinois. But Lincoln attained from the log cabin of the poor white in the wilderness the same position which George Washington reached from his grand old mansion and palatial surroundings on the Potomac. He made the same fight unselfishly, patriotically and grandly for the preservation of the Republic that Washington had done for its creation and foundation. Widely as they are separated, these two heroes of the two great crises of our national life stand together in representing the solvent powers of the inspiring processes and the hopeful opportunities of American liberty. The one coming from the top to the Presidency and the other from the bottom to the Presidency of the United States, the leadership of the people, the building up of government and the reconstruction of states, they grandly illustrate the fact that under our institutions there is neither place nor time for the socialist or the anarchist, but there is a place and always a time, notwithstanding the discouragements of origin or of youth, for grit, pluck, ambition, honesty and brains.

Selection from address of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL. D., given before the Lotus Club of New York, Feb. 22, 1896.

Suggestive Black Board Drawing
for 7th and 8th Grades





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant



ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



RECITATION.



(By a Girl.)

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow;
While the torch of faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow.
See the hero that it gave us
Slumbering on a mother's breast,
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its morn forever blest!

Hear the tale of youthful glory
While of Britain's rescued band;
Friend and foe repeat the story,
Spread his fame o'er sea and land.
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,
Flaps above the frigate's deck,
Where the golden lilies gleaming
Star the watchtower of Quebec.

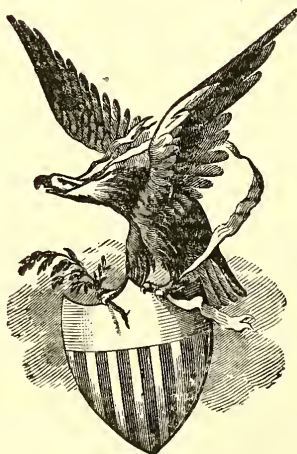
Look! the shadow on the dial
Marks the hour of deadlier strife;
Days of terror, years of trial,
Scourge a nation into life.
Lo, the youth became the leader!
All her baffled tyrants yield!
Through his arm the Lord has freed her,
Crown him on the tented field.

Vain is empire's mad temptation—
Not for him an earthly crown;
He whose sword hath freed a nation
Strikes the offered scepter down.
See the throneless conqueror seated,
Ruler by a people's choice;
See the patriot's task completed;
Hear the father's dying voice.

By the name that you inherit,
By the sufferings you recall,
Cherish the fraternal spirit,
Love your country first of all.
Listen not to idle questions,
If its bands may be untied;
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
Whisper that its props may slide.

Father! we whose ears have tingled
With the words of doubt and shame;
We, whose sires their blood have mingled
In the battle's thunder-flame;
Gathering, while this holy morning
Lights the land from sea to sea;
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning,
Trust us, while we honor thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



SAYINGS ABOUT LINCOLN.

(For Eight Children.)

He surpassed all orators in eloquence, all diplomats in wisdom, all statesmen in foresight, and the most ambitious in fame.—John J. Ingalls.

Having determined upon the profession of law, he fenced in his mind with the same energy and resolution with which he had split three thousand rails to fence in the field around his father's home.—Joseph P. Thompson.

A poor, plain, simple, honest, laborious American life, with learning drained chiefly from nature, made him healthy, strong, self-reliant, calm, true, honest, brave, diligent, and developed all the true manlier qualities.—Chas. M. Ellis.

He had the heart of a child and the intellect of a philosopher. A patriot without guile, a politician without cunning or selfishness, a statesman of practical sense rather than fine-spun theory.—Andrew Shuman.

President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was the highwater mark of American oratory.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Not a sovereign in Europe, however trained from the cradle for state pomps, and however prompted by statesmen and courtiers, could have uttered himself more regally than did Lincoln at Gettysburg.—Goldwin Smith.

One of the noteworthy features of Lincoln's wonderful life was the manifestly deepening of his sense of God's presence and providence during those later years when he bore the imperiled nation on his heart.—John H. Barrows.

I am sure, as millions have said, that, take him for all in all, we never shall look upon his like again.—John W. Forney.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.



Ida Vose Woodbury.

Again thy birthday dawns, O man beloved,
Dawns on the land thy blood was shed to save,
And hearts of millions, by one impulse moved,
Bow and fresh laurels lay upon thy grave.

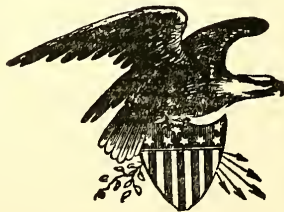
The years but add new luster to thy glory,
And watchmen on the heights of vision see
Reflected in thy life the old, old story,
The story of the Man of Galilee.

We see in thee the image of Him kneeling
Before the close-shut tomb, and at the word
"Come forth," from out the blackness long concealing
There rose a man; clearly again was heard

The Master's voice, and then, his cerements broken,
Friends of the dead a living brother see;
Thou, at the tomb where millions lay, hath spoken:
Loose him and let him go!—the slave was free.

And in the man so long in thralldom hidden
We see the likeness of the Father's face,
Clod changed to soul; by thy atonement bidden,
We hasten to the uplift of a race.

Spirit of Lincoln! summon all thy loyal;
Nerve them to follow where thy feet have trod,
To prove by voice as clear and deed as royal,
Man's brotherhood in our one Father—God.





THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.



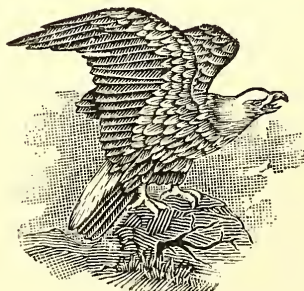
The birthday of the "Father of his Country." May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts; may it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience as president of the convention that framed our constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

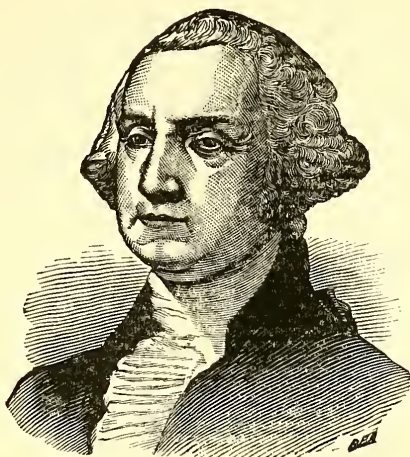
Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country and at the same time secure an undying love and regard for the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen." Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774, and the first love of that young America, was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many

admired by all—but him we love—him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient, discordant and dissatisfied elements, no sectional prejudice nor bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes! when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the name of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated:

“Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington.
To make man blush, there was but one.”

—*Rufus Choate.*





BIOGRAPHICAL COMPARISONS.—A BLACKBOARD EXERCISE FOR THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.



Colorado School Journal.

BY WAUMBECK.

PICTURE OF WASHINGTON.

6 ft., 2 in.
Born in Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732.
In an elegant country residence.
Parents born in Virginia.
Parents highly educated.

Brought up in wealth.
Was lieutenant-colonel in
French and Indian
Wars at 19.

Surveyor.
Farmer.
Soldier.
Revolution.

Failed in his first efforts to influence the British Representative and the Virginia Legislature regarding the Indian War.

Was never in civil office until elected President.
Never in politics.

First President of the United States.

Twice elected President.

From Virginia.

Freed his own slaves after death by will.

Founder.

Father.

Died a natural death, at Mt. Vernon, 1799.

PICTURE OF LINCOLN.

6 ft., 4 in.
Born in Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809.
In a log cabin.

Parents born in Virginia.

His father was an orphan at six years, and had no education.

Brought up in poverty.

Was Capt. of Vols. in Black Hawk Indian War at 23.

Rail splitter.

Lawyer.

Civilian.

Civil War.

Defeated for Illinois Legislature the first time he was a candidate.

In Illinois Legislature six years, in Congress one.
Always in politics.

Sixteenth President of the United States.

Twice elected President.

From Illinois.

Freed millions of slaves as a war act.

Preserver.

Savior.

Assassinated at Washington, 1865.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.



After Washington, who is called the greatest American?

Answer: Abraham Lincoln, who was elected President of the United States in the year 1860, and who was re-elected to the same high position in the year 1864, and was assassinated the year 1865.

What were some of the difficulties that Abraham Lincoln overcame as child and youth in his preparation for a useful and honorable career?

Answer: Abraham Lincoln's parents were poor. They lived in the backwoods among rude and ignorant neighbors in an unfinished, almost unfurnished log cabin. His father could not read or write. They took no papers and had no books except the Bible.

What qualities and aids did Abraham Lincoln possess and secure to meet and overcome his disadvantages?

Answer: Abraham Lincoln had a good memory, a great desire to learn, great patience, and perseverance. His mother taught him to read and write. He would travel miles to borrow any book he heard of and would read by the fire-light from the open hearth.

What occupations did he pursue as boy and man on his way from the cabin to the White House?

Answer: Abraham Lincoln was a wood chopper, rail splitter, ferry boatman, flat boatman, store-keeper as clerk and owner, postmaster, surveyor, lawyer, legislator, and congressman.

What was remarkable about the person and appearance of Abraham Lincoln?

Answer: Abraham Lincoln was six feet and four inches tall, very spare, angular and awkward in gesture.

He dressed in plain black clothes somewhat neglected and loose. He wore a black silk hat. His face was very spare, and his eyes deeply sunk, wore an expression of great sadness.

Name a few of the most notable public addresses of Abraham Lincoln.

Answer: The debates of Abraham Lincoln with Stephen A. Douglas made him known to the whole country as the coming man. His address before a great audience at Cooper Union confirmed his reputation as an orator. His two inaugural addresses won him friends and fame. His Gettysburg address ranks with the efforts of the greatest speakers of all time, and though brief, makes a fitting companion piece for Washington's Farewell Address.

What elements of political sagacity did Abraham Lincoln possess and exert, that caused his administration of his great office to be successful?

Answer: Abraham Lincoln had a knowledge of man and when he believed in a man he gave him a fair trial and time to develop and carry out his plans—but he had the courage and firmness to displace the McClellans and Meades, and to sustain the Grants, Shermans, and Sheridans to the end, despite of what politicians and critics hinted or said.

What great instrument did he issue to hasten the end of the war?

Answer: The Emancipation Proclamation, which was followed by such action of Congress as put an end to slavery in the United States.

Why do we Americans admire Abraham Lincoln?

Answer: Americans, with the rest of the civilized world, admire "Honest Old Abe" for his clear foresight, his honest purpose to maintain the union of these states, and his successful suppression of the greatest rebellion under the sun.

Why do we Americans love the memory of Abraham Lincoln?

Answer: Americans love the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the affectionate son of an affectionate mother. He loved the common people, was plain and simple in his life, was kind to the soldier boys, thoughtful for their families, and mourned over the dead.



FRANKLIN'S TOAST.

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:—

By the British ambassador: "England, the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank "France, the moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity said, "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."



LINCOLN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly, lean in flesh, weighing on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; of dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands are recollected.

Responsive reading—

WORDS OF LINCOLN.

“Let us have that faith that right makes right, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.”

“Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold.”

“A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws.”

“The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.”

“God must like common people, or He would not have made so many.”

“The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.”

“This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.”

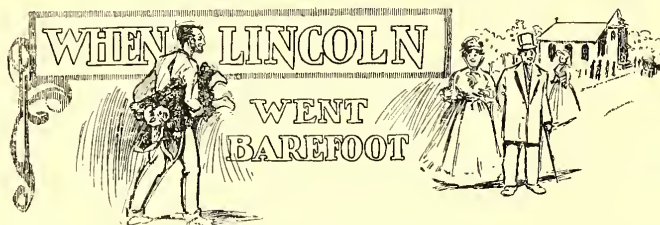


SOME GENUINE LINCOLN ANECDOTES.

—*Frank Leslie's Magazine.*

WHEN LINCOLN WENT BAREFOOT.

"I can remember clearly a little incident which occurred one very hot Sunday morning in summer. It was just about the time Mr. Lincoln had received the nomination for senator. My husband had gone to church alone



that morning, as I was not feeling well. I was sitting at the window looking out on the street, when I espied little 'Tad' Lincoln trotting down the walk past our house as fast as his little legs could carry him. He was between two and three years of age at that time, and was the sharpest little chap imaginable. His father had nicknamed him 'Tadpole,' soon shortened to 'Tad,' as all the neighbors knew.

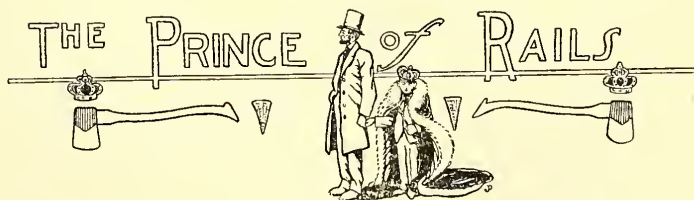
"Mrs. Lincoln had gone to church, leaving the children at home in charge of Mr. Lincoln, and the little fellow had escaped from the yard in some way or other. As I watched 'Tad' trotting past, I heard some one calling him from up the street. Glancing up, I saw Mr. Lincoln coming as fast as his long legs could carry him. As I have said, it was an exceedingly warm day, and people were wearing their thinnest clothes. As long as I live I shall never forget Mr. Lincoln's appearance. He was coatless, vestless, bareheaded and barefooted! Think of it! The man who was later to be President of the United States, actually striding down the street barefooted after his runaway child! It was the most comical sight I have ever witnessed. 'Tad' was soon overtaken, and Mr. Lincoln, grasping his rebellious son around the waist, tucked him under his long arm like a sack of meal,

with his head to the rear, and started for home again. Unfortunately church services had just closed, and the streets were crowded with people, fashionably dressed, who stared in astonishment and with merriment upon the comical sight. Little 'Tad' was screaming, kicking and squirming in a vain attempt to escape. His little arms and legs were revolving in all directions, and the sight of Mr. Lincoln, barefooted and half-dressed, with that boy under his arm, would have sent his wife into spasms had she witnessed it. He, however, was not embarrassed in the least, but ducked and bowed right and left to acquaintances, responding cheerily to their 'Why, good morning, Mr. Lincoln,' with 'How are you, Mrs. So-and-So,' or 'Fine day, Mr. So-and-So,' all the time wearing a pleasant smile, while the spectators were nearly convulsed at the sight.



THE PRINCE OF RAILS.

"Shortly after Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., paid a visit to America. Lincoln's son Robert, of the



pipe-stealing episode, had, that year, been attending Harvard College. He was spending his summer vacation in the Adirondack mountains in company with some companions. During the Prince's visit, and while his name was prominently mentioned in the papers, campaign literature began to be spread broadcast about the country, in which Mr. Lincoln was spoken of as 'Honest Abe, the Rail Splitter.' Some of these circulars fell into the

hands of young Lincoln's companions in the mountains, and they, taking a cue from the visit of the Prince of Wales, dubbed Robert Lincoln the 'Prince of Rails.' The name clung to him, and whenever Mr. Lincoln was seen in Springfield with Robert, people would look at the two and remark:

"'There goes Honest Abe and the Prince of Rails.'"



WHEN LINCOLN'S WIFE PULLED HIS HAIR.

"While Mr. Lincoln was living in Springfield, a judge of the city, who was one of the leading and most influential citizens of the place, had occasion to call upon him. Mr. Lincoln was not over-particular in his matter of dress, and was also careless in his manners. The judge

WHEN LINCOLN'S WIFE



was ushered into the parlor, where he found Mr. Lincoln sprawled out across a couple of chairs, reclining at his ease. The judge was asked to be seated, and, without changing his position in the least, Mr. Lincoln entered into conversation with his visitor.

"While the two were talking Mrs. Lincoln entered the room. She was, of course, greatly embarrassed at Mr. Lincoln's off-hand manner of entertaining his caller, and stepping up behind her husband she grasped him by the hair and twitched his head about, at the same time looking at him reprovingly.

"Mr. Lincoln apparently did not notice the rebuke. He simply looked up at his wife, then across to the judge, and, without rising, said:

“‘Little Mary, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Judge So-and-So.’

“It will be remembered that Mrs. Lincoln’s maiden name was Mary Todd, and that she was very short in stature.”



WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND MILITARY CAPACITY.

General Washington’s personal appearance was in harmony with his character; it was a model of manly strength and beauty. He was about six feet two inches in height, and his person well proportioned,—in the earlier part of life rather spare, and never too stout for active and graceful movement. The complexion inclined to be florid; the eyes were blue and remarkably far apart; a profusion of brown hair was drawn back from the forehead, highly powdered, according to the fashion of the day, and gathered in a bag behind. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and while in camp, though he habitually left his tent at sunrise, he was usually dressed for the day. He had great strength of arm, and skill and grace as a horseman. His power of endurance was great, and there were occasions, as at the retreat from Long Island and the battle of Princeton, when he was scarcely out of his saddle for two days.

No one has ever denied Washington the possession of the highest degree of physical and moral courage; no one has ever accused him of missing an opportunity to strike a bold blow; no one has pointed out a want of vigor in the moment of action, or of forethought in the plans of his campaigns; in short, no one has alleged a fact from

which it can be made even probable that Napoleon or Caesar, working with his means and on his field of action, could have wrought out greater or better results than he did, or that, if he had been placed on a field of action and with a command of means like theirs, he would have shown himself unequal to the position.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



James Russel Lowell.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And can not make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame;
The kindly, earnest, grave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame
New birth of our new soil—the first American.





TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.



(Recitation for High School Pupil.)

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thy age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all the world's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest
heart;

A war cry it for any land where freedom's to be won.
Land of the West!—it stands alone—it is thy Washington.

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge—sword to
sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate, no burst of despot rage;

He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.
No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief,
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor—
chief;

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
But cast no scepter from the links when he had crushed the
chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son
To let a robe and title mask a noble WASHINGTON.

—*Eliza Cook.*





1st pupil—

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS.

This took place March 15, 1783. In the midst of his reading—for he addressed his officers by aid of a manuscript—Washington made a short pause, took out his spectacles, and begged the indulgence of the audience while he adjusted them, at the same time observing:

“Gentlemen, I have grown gray in your service, and now find that I am growing blind.”

An eye-witness speaks of the act as being “so natural, so unaffected, as to render it superior to the most studied oratory! It found its way to every heart, and you could see sensibility moisten every eye!”

2nd pupil—

The speech, by James Otis, against the “Stamp Act,” fully illustrates the feeling prevalent against it: “England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, proud, and firm in this youthful land. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life—another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

“We are two millions, one-fifth fighting men. We call no man, Master!

“Some have sneeringly asked: ‘Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?’ No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand. * * * * *

“Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what

is the amount of this debt. * * * We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and the torch were behind us. We owe nothing to the kind succor of the Mother Country—Tyranny drove us from her, to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.”

The Act was passed by the British Parliament, March 22, 1765—but was the occasion of so much excitement, overt resistance, and such violent protests, that it was repealed the following year, and a little later a “Bill of Indemnity” was passed for the benefit of those who had incurred its penalties.

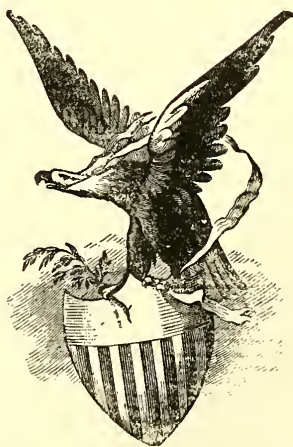
3rd pupil—

As indicative of the spirit of the times in which Washington lived, the following extract from Webster’s “Supposed Speech of John Adams on the Declaration of Independence” may be an illustration:

“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there’s a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? * * * If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. * * * The war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. * * * Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every

sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of America's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now here ready to stake upon it—and I leave off as I begun—that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—*independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.*"





LINCOLN.



With life unsullied from his youth,
He meekly took the ruler's rod,
And, wielding it in love and truth,
He lived, the noblest work of God.
He knew no fierce, unbalanced zeal,
That spurns all human differings,
Nor craven fear that shuns the steel
That carves the way to better things.

And in the night of blood and grief,
When horror rested on the ark,
His was the calm, undimmed belief
That felt God's presence in the dark;
Full well he knew each wandering star,
That once had decked the azure dome
Would tremble through the clouds of War,
And, like a prodigal, come home.

He perished ere the angel Peace
Had rolled war's curtains from the sky,
But he shall live when wars shall cease—
The good and great can never die;
For though his heart lies cold and still
We feel its beatings warm and grand,
And still his spirit pulses thrill
Through all the councils of the land.

Oh, for the hosts that sleep to-day,
Lulled by the sound of Southern waves;
The sun that lit them in the fray
Now warms the flowers upon their graves—
Sweet flowers that speak like words of love
Between the forms of friend and foe,
Perchance their spirits meet above,
Who crossed their battle-blades below.





LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so established—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add to or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.





PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RECEPTIONS.

Reading.

He devoted one hour every other Tuesday, from three to four, to these visits. He understood himself to be visited as the "President of the United States" and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by anybody and everybody; but required that everyone who came should be introduced by his secretary, or by some gentleman that he knew himself. He lived on the south side of Market street just below sixth. The place of reception was the dining room in the rear, twenty five or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting over into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear.

At three o'clock or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterward, the visitor was conducted to this dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edge adorned with a black feather, about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles; and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt. The scabbard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fireplace, with his face toward the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory, as to be able to call anyone by name who made a second visit.

He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made.

As these visitors came in they formed a circle around the room. At a quarter-past three, the door was closed and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock the ceremony was over.

On the evenings Mrs. Washington received visitors, he did not consider himself as visited. He was then as a private gentleman, dressed usually in some colored coat and waistcoat, often brown with bright buttons, and black on his lower limbs. He had then neither hat nor sword; he moved about among the company conversing with one and another. He had once a fortnight an official dinner, and select companies on other days. He sat, it is said, at the side in a central position, Mrs. Washington opposite; the two ends were occupied by members of his family, or by personal friends.—William Sullivan.



WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

By Edward Everett.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores. Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed,—the assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom that does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counselors, and brave warriors,

with whom you were associated in achieving our liberties. But you have looked around in vain for the faces of many who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril.

Lincoln and Greene and Knox and Hamilton are gone! The heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the only foe they could not meet! Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he has redeemed. On the banks of the Potomac, he lies in glory and in peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon; but him whom you venerated, as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, can not now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof.

But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever, throughout the limits of the continent, your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you; the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you; and every tongue exclaim with heart-felt joy: "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!"



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Tell something of Washington's ancestors.

He was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, of which a branch had been established in Virginia. His English ancestors were allied to those of the highest rank. His mother belonged to the most ancient Saxon family of Fairfax, of Towcester in Northumberland.

2. Where was Washington born?

Near the banks of the beautiful Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Va. It was a very small place called Bridge's Creek.

3. How old was he when his father died?

Ten years old.

4. How did he always treat his mother?

With the greatest respect and attention: and as you follow him through life you will find him

"Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all."

5. "Hail, patriot, chief, all hail! Historic fame
In purest gold hath traced thy glorious name!
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,
And proud mankind its only Washington."

6. Why do they call him "Historic Fame?" I thought he was the "Father of his Country."

Because he never spared himself in any way and was always first in battle. The bullets often razed his hair and riddled his cloak, but he would tell his soldiers, "Stand fast and receive the enemy."

7. When did the Revolutionary War begin?

April 19, 1775.

8. What cry was repeated everywhere?

War has begun! To arms! To arms! Liberty or death!

9. What was needed at once?

A commander-in-chief.

10. Who was appointed to fill this place?

George Washington.

11. How did he influence the soldiers?

He inspired them with reverence and enthusiasm. His height was six feet two, and he seemed born to command.

12. When did the British finally leave Boston?

March 17, 1776, in seventy-eight ships and transports.

13. After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, what did Washington do?

He went to see his mother at Fredericksburg, for he had not seen her in six years.

14. Who went with him?

Lafayette. And they found her at work in her garden. Lafayette began to tell her of the world-wide love bestowed upon her son, but she interrupted him by saying, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

15. Who was Lord Fairfax?

A staunch loyalist, and when he heard that Washington had captured Cornwallis and all his army he called out to his black waiter—"Come Joe, carry me to my bed, for I'm sure its time for me to die." He was now over ninety years of age.

"Then up rose Joe, all at the word,
And took his master's arm;
And to his bed he softly led
The Lord of Greenway farm.

"Then thrice he called on Britain's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then sighed, 'O Lord, Thy will be done,'
And word spake nevermore."

16. Tell us something about Washington after he resigned command of the army.

He went to Mount Vernon to live, and, as he had spent so much of his own money during the war, he was obliged to practice very close economy; but he would accept nothing from Congress, for he had served his country from love alone.

17. What was his especial delight?

He took especial delight in beautifying the grounds about his house. Dinner at Mount Vernon was at half-past two, and if there was no company he would write until dark. He loved his wife's children as well as if they were his own, and always found time for his family; but the quiet of his house was soon to be disturbed.

18. In what way?

The unanimous choice of the nation was that he should fill the presidential chair, and he was forced to accept.

19. When and where did the inauguration take place?

April 30, 1789, in New York City.

20. What did the people do in 1789 when he took the oath of office?

All the bells in the city were rung, the people cheered and there was a thundering of artillery. Then they went to St. Paul's Church on foot, where services were held. Brilliant illuminations and fireworks concluded the day.

21. Why did Washington accept a second term of office if he was so anxious for a quiet home life?

The people would have no one else, and he was obliged to accept to keep peace in the country he loved so well; but it was with a heartfelt sense of relief that he left the seat of government in 1797 and entered once more upon the quiet home life at Mount Vernon.

22. How did he spend the remaining years of his life?

In repairing houses that were fast going to ruin, making and selling a little flour each year, and amusing himself in agricultural and rural pursuits. He died in December, 1799, and his last words were, "'Tis well, 'tis well."—From "How to Celebrate Washington's birthday," published by E. L. Kellogg & Co.

'Twas not in vain the deluge came,
And systems crumbled in the gloom,
And not in vain have sword and flame
Robbed home and heart of life and bloom;
The mourner's cross, the martyr's blood,
Shall crown the world with holier rights,
And slavery's storm, and slavery's flood
Leave Freedom's ark on loftier heights.

—James G. Clark.

OUR PRESIDENTS.



(To the tune of "Yankee Doodle.")



George Washington is number one,
With whom begins the story;
John Adams then doth follow on
To share him in the glory.
Thomas Jefferson comes next,
A good old man was he.
James Madison is number four,
Twice President to be.

Chorus:

Our Presidents, hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give them three times three,
And may their memories ever live
In our hearts so brave and free.

Dear James Monroe was next in line,
Twice also did he rule us,
John Quincy Adams served us next,
And not once did he fool us.
Then Andrew Jackson came along,
So famous as a soldier.
Martin Van Buren took his place
To act as office holder.

And William Henry Harrison
Came next in the procession.
He died, and then John Tyler came,
Of the chair to take possession.
James K. Polk is on the roll,
He was an upright man.
Zachary Taylor followed him,
A dozen now we scan.

Millard Fillmore then was called
To rule o'er all our nation:
And after him one Franklin Pierce
Was called to fill the station.
James Buchanan was the next
Our President to be;
Then came Abe Lincoln, brave and true,
A mighty man was he.

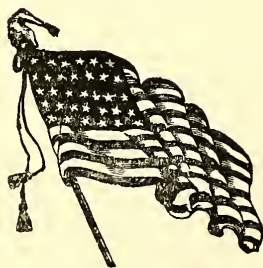
Andrew Johnson's name is next
In the song which we are singing;
Then comes the name of U. S. Grant,
Let's set the rafters ringing;
And now we've got to R. B. Hayes,
The nineteenth name of all;
And James A. Garfield is the next
To answer to the call.

Chester Allen Arthur then
Comes forth to take his place;
And Grover Cleveland follows him,
The next one in the race.
Harrison in eighty-eight
Was called to fill the chair.
And Cleveland then again was called
To rule our Country fair.

—From "*How to Celebrate Washington's Birthday.*"

Published by E. L. Kellogg & Co.

[Some pupil finish this poem.]



THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

(Suited to Washington Birthday Celebration.)

Gentlemen, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us, this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington's birthday is celebrated from one end of the land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is the day redolent of his principles,—the hills, the rocks, the groves, the vales, and the rivers, shout their praises, and resound with his fame. All the good whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teaching, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we conquer now. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself; if it comes, we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness if it come, till

“Danger's troubled night is o'er,
And the star of peace return.”

—Webster.



4th, 5th and 6th Grades

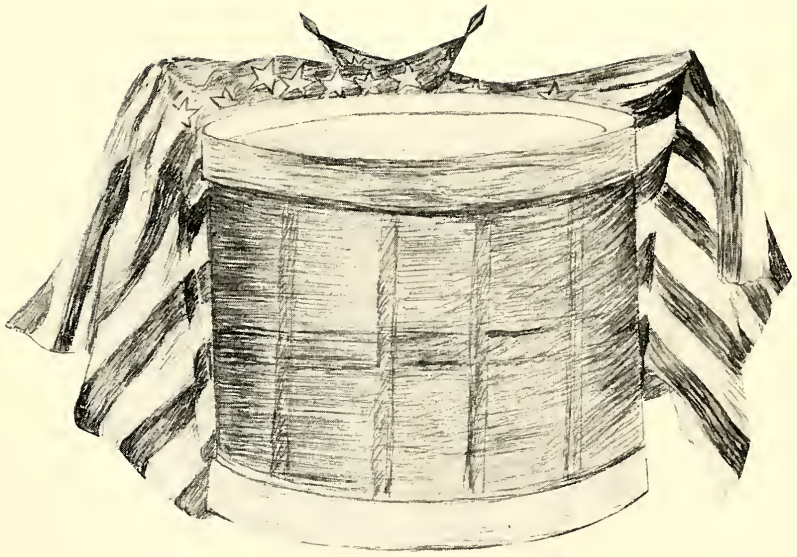
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

His mother could read but not write; his father could do neither; but his parents sent him, with an old spelling book, to school, and he learned in his childhood to do both.

When eight years he floated down the Ohio with his father on a raft, which bore the family and all their possessions to the shore of Indiana; and, child as he was, he gave help as they toiled through dense forests to the interior of Spencer County. There, in the land of free labor, he grew up in a log cabin, with the solemn solitude for his teacher in his meditative hours. He knew little of literature except the Bible, Æsop's Fables, and John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The Declaration of Independence was his compendium of political wisdom, the Life of Washington his constant study. At nineteen, feeling impulses of ambition to get on in the world, he engaged himself to go down the Mississippi in a flat boat, receiving ten dollars a month for his wages, and afterwards he made the trip once more.

At twenty-one he drove his father's cattle, as the family migrated to Illinois, and split rails to fence in the new homestead in the wild. At twenty-three he was a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. He kept a store; he learned something of surveying; but of English literature he added to Bunyan nothing but Shakespeare's plays. At twenty-five he was elected to the legislature of Illinois, where he served eight years. At twenty-seven he was admitted to the bar. In 1861 he was elected President of America.





Suggestive Black Board Drawing
for 4th, 5th and 6th Grades



UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.



Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight until the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do—
Cambridge and Concord and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark! 'tis the south wind moans—
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones,
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then when the battle is won
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!



THE MONTHS.



RECITATION.



(Twelve Girls.)

All—

Old Father Time sent us;
Would you like us to stay
And tell you the things
That he told us to say?

January—

I'm January,
First month of the year,
A week after Christmas
I always appear.

Once I was coming,
I heard a great roar;
'Twas just as the battle
Of Trenton was o'er.

Not very long after
I heard a big gun;
They said that 'twas the battle
At Princeton begun.

February—

January's gone,
February's here;
See! I'm the smallest
Month of all the year.

Little though I am,
I am proud, you see,
For I bring the birthday
Of Washington with me.

March—

You all have heard of Boston,
And it may be that you know
About what happened there one March,
A long, long time ago.

The British men in Boston
Tried to keep our men away,
But, of course, they couldn't do it,
Weren't smart enough, I say.

April—

I shall bring to you the story
Of the men of Lexington;
How they hurried to the battle
When they heard the "minute gun."

I will tell you, too, of Concord,
How the Red Coats ran away,
Frightened by a little army
Not half so large as they.

May—

A long time since,
In the month of May,
A fleet was anchored
In Charleston bay.

They thought they'd drive
Our army away,
But they found our men
Had come to stay.

June—

June is called the month of roses;
Now she comes with flowers so gay,
In her turn to tell the story
Of one long and dreadful day.

All day long the people waited
For the tidings, good or ill,
That should tell them of the battle,
Who had won on Bunker Hill.

With sad hearts they heard the story,
How the British twice gave way;
Then came back in larger numbers,
And in triumph won the day.

July—

Do you know why we keep
The Fourth of July?
If you don't know the reason,
I'll just tell you why.

It was all about
"Independence," it seems;
That's a very long word,
But you know what it means.

August—

At Bennington's great battle
I heard the general say:
"My Molly Stark's a widow
Unless we win to-day."

"What does he mean?" I wondered;
Can he really mean to say,
If his men lose the battle
He'll want to die to-day?

But his soldiers didn't want it
To be that way, I guess,
For they said, "We'll beat the British,"
And they fought their very best.

September—

The story that I bring you
Is neither bright nor glad;
Perhaps I should not tell it
Because it is so sad.

I tell of Arnold's treason;
'Tis a sad, sad thing to know
That he turned against his country
And went over to the foe.

October—

April told of war's beginning;
I'll tell you of its close;
How our men at Yorktown's battle
Won a victory o'er their foes.

When the people heard the story,
Every one was very glad,
For the thought of war and killing
Often made them very sad.

November—

The war is over; soldiers,
Come put away your guns.
My! won't your dear old mothers
Be glad to see their sons?

And won't the wives and children,
Who have been so long alone,
Be almost wild with gladness
When they know you're coming home?

December—

I'm the last of all the year;
Soon the New Year will be here;
But before I go away
I have something sad to say.

One December, long ago,
An angel came and whispered low
To Washington. She said, "I come
To take you with me to my home."

—From "*How to Celebrate Washington's
Birthday.*" Published by E. L. Kel-
logg & Co.





TRUE HEROISM.



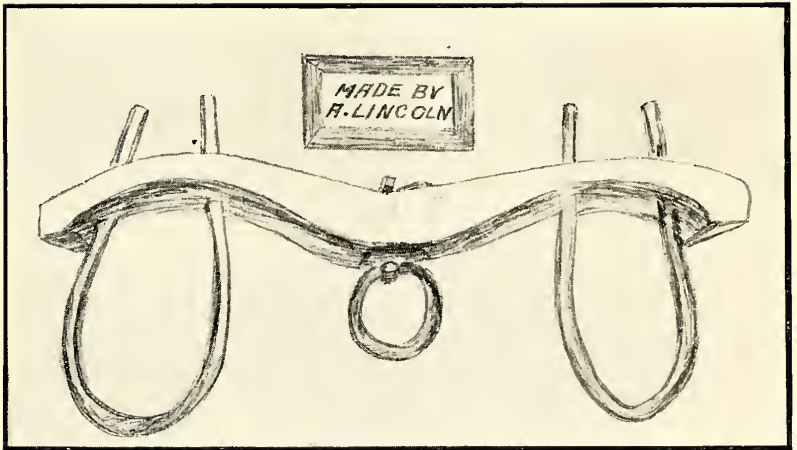
Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honors greet the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

He is a hero, staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed;
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers and is free!
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Nor fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.





This ox-yoke is in the possession of the University of Illinois

PATRIOT SONS.



The bright-eyed boys who crowd our schools,
The knights of book and pen,
Weary of childish games and moods,
Will soon be stalwart men—
The leaders in the race of life,
The men to win applause;
The great minds born to guide the state,
The wise to make the laws.

Teach them to guard with jealous care
The land that gave them birth—
As patriot sons of patriot sires,
The dearest spot on earth;
Teach them the sacred trust to keep,
Like true men, pure and brave,
And o'er them thru the ages bid
Freedom's fair banner wave.

—*Dr. Samuel F. Smith.*



YOUR MISSION.



LINCOLN'S FAVORITE HYMN.

(May be sung to the tune, "Come Thy Fount of Every Blessing,"
by the School.)

If you can not on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey,
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you can not to the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where smoke and fire are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.



LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, JUNE 16,
1858.



A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe that this government can not endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the farther spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or the advocates of it will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states—old as well as new, North as well as South. The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail—if we stand firm we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later, the victory is sure to come.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



RECITATION.

(By a Boy.)

March, march, march, under the broad blue sky,
And over the frozen streets.
March, march, march, let the banners fly,
Wherever the long roll beats.
This is a gala day,
This is a holiday,
This is a birthday morn—
Washington was born
In this fair land, and here he won
His fame. Hail to Washington!

March, march, march, over the beaten track,
Past bannered balconies;
And startle not at the cannon's crack,
That shakes the echoing skies.
George Washington was born
That February morn—
One of the whitest days
In calendars of praise;
And sacred it shall ever be
To Washington and Liberty.

March, march, march, in the golden light,
And when the sun goes down,
Fair liberty in luster bright,
Will wear her glowing crown.
Casting the light of stars,
Across the harbor bars,
A watcher at the porch,
Lifting her flaming torch,
Her stainless brow with stars impearled—
"Liberty enlightening the world."

March, march, march, with joyful fife and drum.
This is a holiday!
When will the good time coming come?
When equity bears sway;
Then right not might, the day shall win,
With light without and light within.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*



BREVITIES CONCERNING THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

(For Twelve Boys.)

1. George Washington was born at Bridge's Creek, Virginia, February 22nd, 1732. His early home was a plain wooden farm-house, built after the old Virginia pattern—four rooms on the ground floor, and an attic story with a long sloping roof.

2. Tradition names him "a fine, vigorous, healthy child." It also mentions that the little frock he wore at christening was fashioned in the colors red, white and blue—the same he chose for the flag of our Union.

3. Augustine Washington and his wife, the parents of George, were worthy, sensible, straightforward people, devoted to the care of their family and estates.

4. When George was three years old he was taken from Bridge's Creek to the banks of the Rappahannock, where he began to learn to read and write.

5. Soon after his father's death he went to live with his half-brother Augustine, and attended school kept by a Mr. Williams. There he received what would now be called a fair common school education.

6. He matured early, and was a tall, active, muscular boy. He could outwalk, outrun and outride any of his companions, as he could no doubt have thrashed them, too, though he was notable a peaceable, generous, noble-hearted play-fellow, without being the goody-goody prig that he is sometimes painted.

7. His mother, a widow with five children, was naturally anxious to place George, the eldest, in some position where he could earn his own living; and it was thought best for him to go to sea, at first, on a tobacco

ship, with the hope that later he might join the crew of a man-of-war, or, perhaps, become captain of a trading steamer.

8. Many plans were made for his sea service, but his mother, who was very unwilling to give up her eldest son, finally decided against it. So he remained at home and studied surveying with his old tutor.

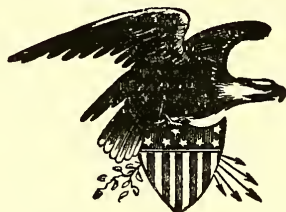
9. That Washington was a diligent student there can be no doubt. His range of reading was limited to the best books of the period.

10. There are still some early papers in existence belonging to his school days, chiefly fragments of school exercises, which show that he wrote a bold, handsome hand, and that he made geometrical figures and notes of surveys with the neatness and accuracy which clung to him in all his life work.

11. Washington as a youth was fond of out-door sports. His earliest expedition as a surveyor was to go beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains and survey the Fairfax estates. He was obliged to fight Nature, the Indians and the French. Henry Cabot Lodge said of him, "He went in a school-boy; he came out the first soldier in the land."

12. At sixteen he was tall and muscular and rather spare, as is the fashion of youth. He was well shaped, active and symmetrical; had light brown hair, broad forehead, grayish blue eyes, a manly, open face, with square, massive jaw, and a general expression of calmness and strength. The noble youth was the prophet of the old man.





OLD ABE.

(The true story of an eagle.)

All the boys and girls have no doubt known, or at least heard about some grand old veteran of the war between the states: some G. A. R. man. G. A. R., you know, stands for Grand Army of the Republic, men who fought so gloriously in the Civil War upon Lincoln's side. But did you ever hear of "Old Abe," an eagle who went with his regiment of soldiers for three years of this awful strife?

Old Abe was a bald headed eagle, one of the screaming kind, and apparently there were no feathers at all upon his head and neck, they being of such snowy whiteness. The nest in which Old Abe was found was high up in a pine tree on the banks of a river in northern Wisconsin.

The Indian who cut down the tree and secured our eagle sold him to a soldier of a Wisconsin regiment for a bushel of corn. And now his life as a war eagle began. You know it is the custom of all soldiers and sailors to secure peculiar kinds of pets or mascots as they sometimes call them, for their regiments or ships. Probably there is not one American naval vessel afloat upon the briny waters but what can boast of the possession of some pet animal or bird. They are always the objects of homage on the part of officers and sailors alike and what a fine time they must have. Almost always these pets are named for some popular hero. It would be interesting to know how many may be named after Dewey or

Sampson, or Schley or Roosevelt, or any of our famed men of the Spanish War.

When Old Abe went into the regiment it was understood that at the close of the war he should be presented to Abraham Lincoln. Red, white and blue rubbons were tied around his neck and the tallest man in the regiment was chosen to take care of the bird, and it generally perched upon the staff from which flew the flag of the regiment. This staff rested in a socket attached to the belt of the color-bearer. Old Abe was fastened to a cord about twenty feet long so when he was tired of perching he could fly about a little. He was in twenty-two battles and thirty skirmishes. Once the soldiers were ordered to lie down upon the ground and Old Abe instantly flew down from his perch and flattened himself on the ground, too, and at other times in the din of battle he would scream with delight and flap his wings, jumping up and down upon his perch.

At the battle of Corinth the cord which secured him was cut by a rifle bullet and then the bird soared far above the smoke of powder for a time, but finally discovering his flag and his regiment flew down upon his perch again.

At the close of the war Old Abe was almost as popular as any soldier. People wanted to see him as they did the great generals. A veteran soldier was paid to take care of him, and at national gatherings of old soldiers for years Old Abe was always there. Money could not buy him. P. T. Barnum offered twenty thousand dollars for him.

He died in 1881, and if you ever visit the War Museum at Madison, Wis., you can see his body erect and proud as if in life.



WASHINGTON'S REVERENCE.

Reading.

Much of George Washington's first strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland county, Va., one of Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team of horses driven before a plow by a burly slave. Finer animals he had never seen. When his eyes had feasted on their beauty, he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for."

The black man grinned, rolled up the white of his eyes, put the lash to the horses' flanks, and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. The officer waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's eyes.

"Better see missis! Better see missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where above the cedar growth rose the towers of a fine old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker of the front door. Quickly the door swung on its ponderous hinges, and a grave majestic-looking woman confronted the visitor with an air of inquiry.

"Madame," said the officer, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses," said she, bending upon him a pair of eyes born to command. "Sir you can not have them. My crops are out and I need my horses in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but I must have them, madame, such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief? who is your chief pray?" she demanded with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American army—General George Washington," replied the officer, squaring his shoulders and swelling with pride.

A smile of triumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he can not have her horses."

With an humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the report in silence, then with one of his rare smiles, he bowed his head.—L. R. McCabe, in *St. Nicholas*.



ORIGINAL MAXIMS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I.

Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation.

II.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one.

III.

Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.

IV.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

V.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

VI.

I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing.

VII.

I shall never attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another.

VIII.

It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant.

IX.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few: and let those be well tried before you give them your confidence.

X.

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

XI.

A good character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous.

XII.

I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from what I conceive to be the strict line of duty.



I WOULD TELL.



(Recitation for five boys.)



First Boy—

I would tell of Washington,
When he was a boy like me.
He learned his lessons well at school,
And always tried to keep the rule,
And if at work, or if at play,
He did his very best each day;
Was gentle, honest, brave and true,
And loved by all his comrades, too,
When he was a boy like me.

Second Boy—

I would tell of Washington,
When he was twenty-one—
How he journeyed through the wilderness,
Oftimes in peril and distress,
Yet never did his stout heart quail,
For he knew no such word as fail;
His dauntless courage, even then,
Showed him a leader among men,
When he was twenty-one.

Third Boy—

I would tell of Washington,
In camp at Valley Forge.
When everything seem dark and drear
And hope had given place to fear,
He stood alone, unmoved and calm;
His very presence was like balm
To soothe the suffering, rouse the faint;
He cheered each heart, stilled each complaint,
In camp at Valley Forge.

Fourth Boy—

I would tell of Washington,
After the war was o'er,
By one accord made President,
As toward the capital he went,
The streets were decked with banners gay,
And flowers were scattered in his way;
Gathered about his path, the throng,
Proclaimed him chief with shout and song,
After the war was o'er.

Fifth Boy—

I would tell of Washington,
When came life's peaceful close.
Where broad Potomac's waters flowed,
There he took up his last abode;
Respected, honored, loved revered,
By countless friends his days were cheered,
And when at length drew near the end,
The nation wept to lose a friend
So came life's peaceful close.

—From "*How to Celebrate Washington's
Birthday*," Published by E. L. Kellogg.

WASHINGTON'S KISS.



BY ANNIE S. DOWNS.



[When General Washington visited Andover, Mass., in November, 1789, he breakfasted at the tavern of Deacon Isaac Abbott. As he was leaving he saw a rip in his glove. He asked Priscilla Abbott, then a young girl, to mend it. Taking it from her when it was finished, he gave her a kiss in return.—Bailey's "Sketches of Andover."]

Thronged were the streets of Andover town,
On that morning of long ago.
And swift was the riding up and down,
And the galloping to and fro.
The Judge was there in his stately wig,
The Parson in rustling gown,
And the parish Doctor in brand new rig,
Huzzaed for the brave old town.

"Huzza, Huzza, there's the tattered flag
We carried at Bunker Hill!"
How the old eyes shine and the old heads wag,
As over the distant hill,
With drum and fife and in brave array,
The scholars of Phillips School
Escorted the veterans old and gray,
Who had shaken the British rule.

At last, in the distance, a dusty cloud,
A sound as of horses' feet,
But they never moved, and they spoke not loud,
And they heard their own hearts beat.
Then a forward rush, and a mighty cheer,
And a boom of the Yorktown gun,
As across the plain, to their old eyes clear,
Rode the General,—Washington.

He was tall of figure and grand of face,
With an eye which was deep and blue,
And an air which told that he came from race
Who to freedom and God were true.
And they rent the air with their joyful shout,
With their cries of "Welcome! Hail!"
He had cheered them often in storm and rout,
Unchanged, when their cheeks were pale.

They pressed up close to his bridle rein,
They touched his extended hand.
He had shared their hunger, their cold, their pain,
And the strife of their anguished land.
His homeliest wishes for shelter and food
They served with the tenderest care.
The wise and the simple, the gentle and rude,
All had in his welcome a share.

Still, they served him not upon bended knee,
As serfs did their lords of yore;
They gave him the homage of men who were free,
And the love of their hearts' deep core.
That he praised our town we nowhere read,
Though he called Pentucket fair;
And he did not say that in word or deed
He thought we were rich or rare.

But he left a token of favoring grace
To a maiden of Andover town,
A maid who sprang from an ancient race,
And a name of good renown.
An honored guest in her father's inn.
He was turning to leave the door,
When he found in his riding glove of tan
A rent never seen before.

And, looking surprised, he caught her smile.
"You knew it, I think," he said.
"That you will mend it, I am almost sure,
For you have needle and thread."
Then, drawing the glove from his shapely hand,
He watched, as with stitches neat
She fastened together the loosened seam,
Her fingers slender and fleet.

She finished her task; a little she paused;
Then handed it, courtesying low;
But, bowing and smiling, he left a kiss
On her mantling cheek and brow.
Then with flag and drum he was swept away
To the mansion upon the hill,
And they laughed at the maiden for many a day,
Because she was grave and still.

'Tis a pleasant tale, and a century now
Since the courtly kiss was given.
The maid and the chief in their graves sleep low;
Their souls, we hope, are in Heaven.
Nothing I know of the maiden's life,
If she had husband or son.
What matters its joys, its peace, its strife?
She was kissed by Washington!



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



How humble, yet how hopeful he could be,
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, when there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

—*Shirley Brooks.*





"BETSY ROSS AND THE FLAG."



In 1777 Congress appointed a committee, with General Washington at its head, to design a flag suitable for the new-born nation called the United States of America. The committee prepared a design, and then looked around for some one to make the flag in accordance with their ideas. In a little house at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, still standing, lived a young woman named Betsey Ross, noted for her skill in needle-work. So widely was this skill recognized that it is said that she made the handsome ruffled bosoms for the shirts of the general himself—bosoms that are preserved to this day as samples of her handiwork. General Washington, remembering her skill, called upon her, and showing her a rough draft of the flag—the draft is still in possession of the State Department—asked her whether she could make such a flag? "I can try," was her modest yet confident answer. The design consisted of alternating red and white stripes and thirteen six-pointed stars on a background of blue. Betsey Ross suggested that five-pointed stars would be more appropriate, and finally prevailed upon the Father of his Country to adopt her suggestions by showing him how to make a five-pointed star by a single snip of her scissors. A further change in the arrangement of the stars was made from the original circle to the old idea of a cross.

The flag made by Betsey Ross and submitted by the committee was adopted by Congress on June 14 of that year. The evidence seems entirely authentic that she made the sample flag, and with such acceptability that

she was commissioned to make a number more. Her uncle, Colonel Ross, is said to have provided her with the means to procure the necessary material; and there is a record of an order on the Treasury in May, 1777, "to pay Betsey Ross 14£ 12s. 2d. for flags for the fleet in the Delaware river."

The grave of Betsey Ross is in Mount Moriah cemetery. A simple headstone marks her resting place, upon which is the following inscription:

"In memory of John Claypole, who died August 2, 1817, aged 65 years. Also Elizabeth Claypole, died January 30, 1836, aged 84 years." Also James Campion, died February 14, 1836, aged 26 years."

The Elizabeth Claypole is the widow of John Claypole, and is the Betsey Ross who made the first flag a few years before her marriage to him.—From the report of Supt. Edward Brooks, of Philadelphia.





AN ACROSTIC.



When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience.

Associate yourselves with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor in earnest.

Humor, when good, makes one dish of meat a feast.

If you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

No man's misfortune deride, though there seems to be some cause.

Give not advice without being asked; and when desired, do it briefly.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Obey and honor your parents, although they may be poor.

Neither laugh, nor speak, nor listen, when your superiors talk to anybody.

—Adapted from Washington's "Rules of Behavior."



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



Passing from the house, down a rude and neglected pathway, and then over a little broken, but already verdant ground, we came to an open space, and found ourselves standing before the humble tomb of George Washington. There is no inscription upon the tomb.

The simple words "Washington Family," chiseled in granite, surmounts the plain brick work.

As we were standing upon this spot a couple of spaniels came bounding along, and following close was an old servant of the family, and formerly a slave of Washington. On examining him, we found he was born on the place, and recollected his master, and all, he said, with great distinctness. He was a very aged negro and quite gray.

I found there was something to be gathered from this ancient of the family, and, accordingly, as I stood leaning upon the broken gate, which swung before the door of the old tomb, put him in the train by a few questions. "In front of the new grave place yonder," said he, "lie buried a hundred people of color." These, it seemed, were slaves of the plantation, who from time to time had died there.

He spoke with great kindness of Washington, and his emancipating a hundred of his people. "His wife did the same," added he. There were now, he said, but about fifteen attached to the establishment. Passing from one thing to another, without much connection, he went on to say, referring to Washington: "I never see that man laugh to show his teeth—he done all his laughing inside." This I thought worth a page of description.

We then recurred to Lafayette's visit in 1825. "We were obliged to tote him all about," said he; by which I understood that the general was so overcome that he was literally supported by the arms of attendants. I inquired how he appeared at the tomb. "He cried like a little infant." "Did he go in?" I asked. "O, yes; he went in, sir—alone—and he made a mighty long talk there—but I don't know what it was about."

All these little things were jewels. I loved to hear such simple narrations, from such a source, and it was with reluctance I turned away after gathering a relic or two and followed our old guide up to the house again. But we had seen all we could see, and after glancing at the

garden and greenhouse, which appeared in all the coming beauty of spring, and turning one more melancholy gaze upon the cluster of buildings, which had once been improved by the great one who now slept in their shadow, we entered our carriage and rode slowly away from Mount Vernon.



HYMN FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

(To the Tune of "America.")



BY CHAS. S. DAVIS.

All hail, thou glorious morn
That Washington was born!

All hail to thee!

Whether thy skies be bright,
Or veiled in clouds of night,
To thee in joyous right

Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim
To sing and praise thy name,
O Washington!
O'er all this land so free
Hearts turn with pride to thee,
Champion of liberty,
Columbia's son.

When Britain's tyrant hand
Smote freedom's native land
With mad decree,
Thy gleaming blade raised high,
'Mid war clouds rolling by,
Wrote on thy country's sky—
"Great land, be free!"

Let Freedom each year bring
Chaplets as fresh as spring
To deck her son!
While Freedom's angels stand
Guard o'er that flag and land,
Saved by the mighty hand
Of Washington.



1st, 2nd and 3rd Grades

NO MONTH A PROUDER DAY.



Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their first array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual rounds, the morn,
When, greatest of the sons of men
Our glorious Washington was born.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*



HONORING WASHINGTON.



(Recitation for a Tiny Boy.)

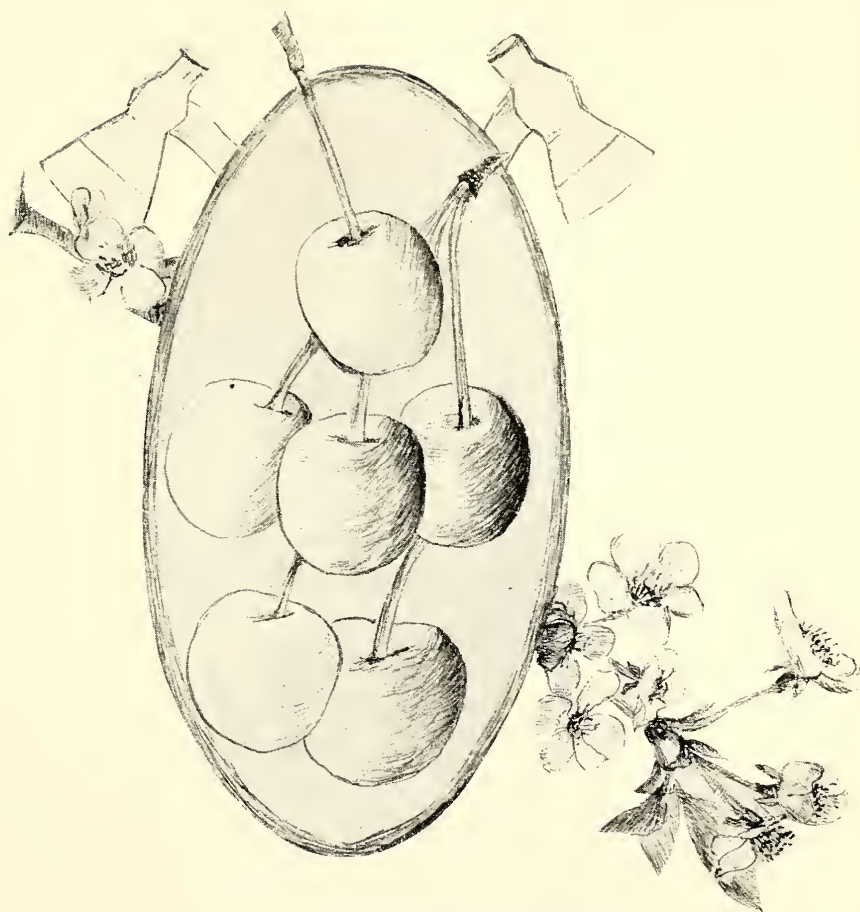
When all the bands¹ are passing by
And all the banners² wave,
I always think of Washington,
The noble and the brave.

And when each year his birthday comes,
Then all we boys³ turn out,
And cry "Hurrah for Washington!"
And wave our flags⁴ and shout.

MOTIONS.

1 Motion of beating a drum. 2 Waving motion with right hand. 3 Point to classmates. 4 Same as 2.





Suggestive Black Board Drawing
for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Grades

LINCOLN.



(For the Smallest Boys.)

All (waving tiny flags in left hands.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man,
Will wave his flag for Lincoln,
As proudly as he can.

(Tossing caps with right hands.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man,
Will give three cheers for Lincoln
As loudly as he can.

(Flags held high in left hands, caps low in right all looking up at flag.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man,
Will grow to be like Lincoln
As quickly as he can.

—Primary Education.



LIKE WASHINGTON.



RECITATION.

(For a Very Little Boy.)

I think I'll be like Washington,
As dignified and wise;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones,
And I shall live in state.

John Henry Jones is me, you know,
Oh, 'twill be jolly fun
To have my birthday set apart,
Like that of Washington.

SOMETHING BETTER.



(For a Very Little Girl.)

I can not be a Washington,
However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
As fast as the days go by.

The world needs women good and true,
I'm glad I can be one.

For that is even better than

To be a Washington.

—Clara J. Denton.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

—Margaret Sangster.



IF.



RECITATION.

Suppose he had told stories;
Suppose he'd had no pluck;
Suppose he had been idle
And trusted things to luck;
Suppose he had not carried
That message through the snow;
Suppose when war guns called him
He had refused to go;
Suppose he had been cruel
And cowardly and base;
Would every year be willing
To give his day a place?
But Washington resisted
The evil round his way.
That's why his name is honored,
His day a holiday.

—Selected.



LITTLE MARTHA WASHINGTON.



[In reciting this the little girl may be dressed in costume of the last century, but this is not necessary. She turns to a portrait of Martha Washington.]

This lady, Martha Washington,
Was once a little girl
With dimpled cheeks and blushes,
And golden hair in curl.

She never had a hatchet,
She never cut a tree,
But was full of fun and frolic,
Just a little girl like me.

Wore a puckered satin petticoat,
Breast knots gay, and dainty caps,
Dropped a courtesy to her mamma.

[*Courtesy right.*]

Courtesied deep to Lord Fairfax.

[*Courtesy left.*]

Thus she grew up like a flower,
In her lovely Southern home,
Played and sang with piccaninnies,
Played the spinet, danced and sung.

Cocked her head up like a birdie,
Laughed like brooklet in the sun,
"When I grow to be a lady,

[*Courtesy left.*]

I shall wed George Washington!"

[*Courtesy right.*]

—Mrs. Royal A. Bristol.



THE BUILDERS.



[Ten primary children can give this exercise on Washington's Birthday. Each must have a block with the letter denoted in his verse. These blocks may be made of pasteboard boxes twelve inches square, with a large letter painted in black ink on one side. The children stand in a semi-circle, and each in turn advances to the centre of the stage and puts his block in place. At the last line of the last verse they wave their right hands as they say the name of Washington.]—By Lizzie M. Hadley.

Together—

Oh, a long and weary way
We who greet you've come to-day;
And from out the smiles and tears
That make up the silent years

We have culled one honored name
'Tis to keep alive his fame,
From the past we have been sent
Here to build a monument.

Would you know our names? Behold!
They are writ in lines of gold,
And we'll place them one by one
On this structure, that, when done,
On it you may plainly see
Who first gave us liberty.

First Child—

He who buildeth to endure,
Makes the whole foundation sure;
So this block I'll put in place,
With an N upon its face.

Second Child—

Here you see my offering,
This the second stone I bring;
Now I'll place it here, and lo!
On it see the letter O.

Third Child—

Block by block this shaft we'll rear,
Till the whole name doth appear.
This, the third stone, as you see,
Bears upon its side a T.

Fourth Child—

As one to some olden shrine,
I come with this block of mine.
Look upon its face with me,
There you'll find the letter G.

Fifth Child—

I am next and take my stand
Fifth one of this little band;
Here my block I'll place, and then
All can see the letter N.

Sixth Child—

Higher yet with every one—
Ere this column shall be done,
Like a bird 'twill reach the sky.
My block bears the letter I.

Seventh Child—

Bring to me the next stone now,
Place it here, and you'll avow
That no fairer shall appear—
Letter H is graven here.

Eighth Child—

Upward still, without a fear,
Climbs this structure that we rear.
May its walls for aye abide!
S is written on this side.

Ninth Child—

Straightway I'll fall into line;
Ne'er a fairer stone than mine
'Mong them all is seen to-day.
See, it bears the letter A.

Tenth Child—

So we'll make our column strong;
Here the capstone doth belong.
This I'll put in place, then view
On its face a W.

All—

Just ten massive blocks are we,
Chiseled for eternity;
Quarried from the mines of truth,
Wearing aye a deathless youth,
Building here so strong and sure,
Structure that shall e'er endure,
Block by block and one by one,
We spell the name of WASHINGTON.

*—From "How to Celebrate Washington's Birth-
day." Published by E. L. Kellogg.*





FOR SMALL CHILDREN.



[Each child chosen to have a placard, upon which is clearly written the letter about which she will speak.]

First child holding up	W	This is for Worth, in Washington found, That with his valor and courage abound.
Second child with	A	A's for Ambition, a virtue so true, Combined with all things that he had to do.
Third child with	S	S is for Soldier, and each of us say That in each battle his power held sway.
Fourth child with	H	H is for Honesty, quality dear, That in a man always ought to appear.
Fifth child with	I	I, Independence; and how he did fight To gain for our nation sweet "Liberty's" right.
Sixth child with	N	N for his Nobleness, well known to all, Whatever his dealings with large and with small.
Seventh child with	G	G is for Grave in matters of war— All quarrels he thought should be set- tled at law.
Eighth child with	T	T for the Trust which in him was placed, And never was known to be disgraced.
Ninth child with	O	O for Obedience, highest of all, Knowing so well 'twas "Liberty's" call.
Tenth child with	N	For the Nation so proud to declare Of this, their dear leader, these quali- ties rare.

Chorus—Let us pause to ask you all to join us—to say again:

"First in war—

First in peace—

First in the hearts of his countrymen."

—*From the Intelligence.*



LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON.



(Recitation.)

We can not all be Washingtons,
And have our birthday celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And we can hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies,
He minded what his mother taught him,
And every day he tried to do
The simple duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow taller,
Is just because, like Washington,
They do their best when they are smaller.

—*The Sunbeam.*



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



(An Exercise for Primary Grade.)

1. Song—"America" (first stanza). (School.)
2. Recitation—"Washington's Birthday."



(By a Small Boy.)

Once last winter, I was playing
With my dog out in the street,
We were having fun together,
Racing to see who could beat.

From the houses all around us
Lovely flags were hanging out.
Jip and I could not help wond'ring
What it all could be about.

By and by we heard some music,
First, it sounded far away;
When it turned around our corner,
Jip and I soon stopped our play.

And we stood quite still and watched them
Till no more they could be seen;
Then we hurried home to mamma
To find out what it could mean.

Mamma looked down kindly on me:
"Don't you know, my little son,
That to-day we keep the birthday
Of our brave George Washington.

"Long ago, in our own country,
When men struggled for the right,
It was Washington who lead them
Through the thickest of the fight.

"But at last the war was ended,
And the victory was won;
Then a President was needed,
So they chose George Washington.

"And to-day we keep his birthday;
Let us each remember well
That his bravery and wisdom
Saved the land in which we dwell."

—*School Journal.*



OUR HEROES.



(Recitation.)

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.

Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.

And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
E'er do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.

"The Right," be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, knowing who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Young Folks' Recitations.*



A Boston master said one day,
"Boys, tell me if you can, I pray,
Why Washington's birthday should shine
In to-day's history more than mine."

At once such stillness in the hall
You might have heard a feather fall;
Exclaims a boy not three feet high—
"Because *he* never told a lie!"

—*Ex.*



A WISH.



George Washington was good and wise,
He never told a lie,
Or left his daily work undone,
Or made his mother sigh.

Whenever he did wrong, he told,
No matter what's to pay,
The truth, and nothing but the truth,
It was his honest way.

He saved his country when a man,
For he had grown so strong
In mind and body, that great works
To him were like a song.

*I'd like to grow like Washington,
Just like him, if I could;
"But since I can not be as great,
I'll try to be as good."*

—Selected.



FEBRUARY DAYS.



A. E. A.

(Exercise for Twenty-eight Children.)

Four selected girls represent birthdays of Lincoln, Saint Valentine, Lowell, and Washington, and Longfellow. Each of these girls wears a large white card, with the number of the day she represents upon it, in red or blue figures.

If not desirable to use twenty-eight children in the exercise, let the whole school give first and last stanzas, the four girls reciting as above.

All—

Down from the big new calendar,
We've come with merry ways,
We're February's twenty-eight
Good-natured little days.

First girl—

Unfurl the flag—hats off—three cheers—
The Twelfth your love must claim,
I write across the grateful land
Abraham Lincoln's name.

Second—

Among the other little days,
I stand Fourteenth in line,
With greater heroes, don't forget
Good old Saint Valentine.

Third—

I am the Twenty-second day.
Undimmed through storm and sun,

I keep a well-beloved name,
The name of Washington.

Third (continuing)—

The poet, Lowell, too, I bring,
With him, the brook we hear,
We see the gold of buttercups
And dandelions near.

Fourth—

Between the winter's darkness, and
The daylight of the spring,
Here is the Twenty-seventh day—
Longfellow's name to sing.

All (holding out hands)—

So, from the big, new calendar,
We've come with love and praise;
We're February's twenty-eight
True-hearted little days.

—Primary Education.

To make exercises longer, introduce patriotic songs and bits
of verse from Lowell and Longfellow.



OUR FLAG IS THERE.



Our flag is there, our flag is there!
We'll greet it with three loud huzzas.
Our flag is there, our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And, oh, to see how proud it waves
Brings tears of joy to every eye.

That flag withstood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
And found a speedy watery grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
The standard of a gallant band,
Alike, unstained in peace or war,
It floats o'er freedom's happy land.

—Selected.



A FLAG DRILL.

(Suitable for Washington's Birthday.)

Directions.—Twelve pupils at least are necessary for the following drill; twenty-four or thirty-six would add to its effectiveness. Skirts and waists of all should be white, bodice, and sash of one-third of class red, one-third white, and one-third blue; all wear slippers and stockings to match color of dress. Size of flags, 8 by 12. Flag-staffs should be long and slender. Position of flag in marching, in front of right shoulder. Music, a lively march.

Fig. 1. Enter half the class from one side and half from the other, the leader on each side wearing red, the second ones white, the third blue, and so on. Those from opposite sides meet at center of back part of stage, march forward in couples to front part, separate, and return to back of stage. Repeat. (Caution: turn square corners.)

Fig. 2. Partners meet at back of stage (one line changes flags from right to left side); partners cross flags; march to front; separate; return to back. Repeat. In repeating, march only to corners at the back of stage, instead of middle back.

Fig. 3. March from corners to center of stage, turn and march to front corners. Repeat.

Fig. 4. Return to back part of stage, march forward in four lines, moving in wavy lines. Repeat.

Fig. 5. Each line form in trios, red, white, and blue, cross flags, turn twice in a circle. Reverse, holding flags in left hands.

Fig. 6. Four lines advance, form a single line; line No. 1 at the left leading, marches until the front left hand corner is reached; line No. 2 halts at front right hand corner; line No. 3 back right hand corner; line No. 4 back left hand corner. All march towards center, the four lines forming the diagonals of a square; keep perfectly straight lines; march around the center, preserving this order. Reverse, face, and march in opposite directions.

Fig. 7. Lines 1 and 2, and 3 and 4 exchange places, passing each other in center of stage. Line No. 1 marches across front of stage to left hand corner, where line No. 2 falls into line; at back left hand corner, line No. 3 falls into line; at back right hand corner, line No. 4. March in single file around the stage, form in four lines, partners facing each other.

Fig. 8. Partners march toward each other, meet, touch tops of flags, forming an arch, turn as if to pass under arch formed, return to places. Repeat.

Fig. 9. Lines march, cross over. Nos. 1 and 4 meet in center of stage, touch tops of flags, return to places. Lines 2 and 3 meet in same manner. Lines cross again, 1 and 4 meet, then 2 and 3; the last time 2 and 3 remain in their places.

Fig. 10. Raise flags. Lines 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 march in circles towards the right. Reverse.

Fig. 11. The following is a figure from the Virginia Reel. Have lines, and pupils in each line, as far apart as possible. Leaders in each set meet, cross flags, swing, or rather march, once and a half around; each leader then crosses flags with the second one on opposite side, swings, then crosses flags with partner, swings, and so on until the leaders have crossed flags with every one in the line. To make it still more effective, after the leaders have reached the third ones in the lines, let the second ones, standing now at the head, march in the same way. Then the third ones follow, and so on, until all the flags are in motion.

Fig. 12. Leading couples march outside of lines, others follow, return to places, all arch flags.

Fig. 13. Leaders in both sets march through under arch, meet at back part of stage, advance four abreast; others follow in same order. Thus four red ones will march to the front, then four white, then four blue. This entire set (12) pass to the right; the next set pass to the left. The two meet at back, and march forward eight abreast; halt, and separate so that the three colors may be seen. Song. "Nobly our Flag."

Music changes to a succession of chords. The striking of a new chord is the signal for a change of attitude.

Chord 1. All hold flags in front of right shoulder.

Chord 2. Change to left.

Chord 3. Change back to right.

Chord 4. Hold flags as if taking aim.

Chord 5. Fire—a quick movement forward of flags.

Chord 6. Flags in first position.

Chord 7. Charge—a sudden rush forward, body bent, flags held like bayonets.

Chords 8, 9, 10. Retreat. Take three steps back slowly, flags held in same position as in No. 7.

Chord 11. Repeat 7.

Chords 12, 13, 14. Repeat 8, 9, 10.

Chord 15. Surrender. Lay down flags.

Chord 16. Recover. Pick up flags quickly.

Chord 17. Victory. Wave joyously.

Chord 18. Hold in front of right shoulder.

Marching Song. "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

All march, to the song, in single file, arranged in the order red, white, blue. Leader march to center of stage, halt, two others stop behind her; then three behind these two, then four, and so on until the entire class is arranged in the form of a triangle. All sing "Star Spangled Banner." As the chorus is sung all wave flags. —Selected.

BONNY FLAG.

XAVIER SCHWIND.

Moderato.

mf

1. Oh, I love to see you wav - ing, Bon - ny flag, bon - ny
 2. In the thick - est of the bat - tle, Bon - ny flag, bon - ny

Bon - ny flag,

flag, And I feel like dan - ger brav - ing, Bon - ny
 flag, There a - mid the drum's loud rat - tle, Bon - ny

bon - ny flag,

mf

flag, bon - ny flag, Oh, the red, the white, the blue, Oh, the
 flag, bon - ny flag, You were car - ried to the fore, There in

Bonny flag, bonny flag,

Cres. molto.

beau - ti - ful, the true, All my heart > goes > out > to
 spite of can - non's roar, Did the sol - diers love you

BONNIE FLAG—Concluded

pp

you, more, Bon - ny flag, bon - ny flag, Bon - ny flag, bon - ny flag,

pp

Bon-ny flag, bon - ny flag,

Rall. *A tempo.*

All my heart goes out to you, Bon - ny flag.
Did the sol - diers love you more, Bon - ny flag?

Washington.

29

FANNIE A. BIVANS.

J. KUNTSMAN

♩ - 92.

1 To day we sing of Wash - ing - ton Who
2 Our fa thers loved their lea - der true, They

mf *Alla marcia.*

fought for lib - er - ty and won, When all was dark and
won our own red, white and blue; We'll wave it as we

cour - age failed, His strong cour - a - geous faith pre - vailed.
sing this song, Hur - rah! for our brave Wash - ing - ton.

poco cresc. *f*

From Coda 272. Permission of Ginn & Co.

Lincoln.

FANNIE A. BIVANS.

J. KUNTSMAN.

♩ = 92.

1. We sing of one who gave his life To
2. May Lin - coln live in ev - ry' heart To

mf *Alla marcia.*

This system contains the first musical staff with two vocal parts and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a tempo marking of *Alla marcia.*

free this land of ours from wrong; In bit - ter strife And
bless our land for end - less days; In joy - ous song His

This system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a steady march-like rhythm.

tu - mult rife, Brave Lin - coln stood, a bul - wark strong.
praise pro - long, For Lin - coln now the flag we'll raise!

poco cresc. *f*

This system concludes the musical score on this page. The piano part includes a *poco cresc.* (poco crescendo) marking followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line.

From CODA 272. Permission of Ginn & Co.

THE SMITH-BROOKS PTG. CO., DENVER.

71.2009.084.05648

